



## ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

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MR. HALLAM has been severely censured for saying, with his usual placid severity, that "if we weigh the character of this prelate in an equal balance, he will appear far indeed removed from the turpitude imputed to him by his enemies; yet not entitled to any extraordinary veneration." We will venture to expand the sense of Mr. Hallam, and to comment on it thus: If we consider Cranmer merely as a statesman, he will not appear a much worse man than Welsey, Gardiner, Cromwell, or Somerset. But when an attempt is made to set him up as a saint, it is scarcely possible for any man of sense, who knows the history of the times well, to preserve his gravity. If the memory of the archbishop had been left to find its own place, he would soon have been lost among the crowd; but when his admirers challenge for him a place in the noble army of martyrs, his claims require fuller discussion.

The shameful origin of his history, common enough in the scandalous chronicles of courts, seems strangely out of place in a hagiology. Cranmer rose into favour by serving Henry in the disgraceful affair of his first divorce. He promoted the marriage of Anne Boleyn with the king. On a frivolous pretence he pronounced it null and void. On a pretence, if possible, still more frivolous, he dissolved the ties which bound the shameless tyrant to Anne of Cleves. He attached himself to Cromwell, while the fortunes of Cromwell flourished. He voted for cutting off his head without a trial, when the tide of royal favour turned. He conformed backwards and forwards as the king changed his mind. While Henry lived he assisted in condemning to the flames those who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. When Henry died, he found out that the doctrine was false. He was, however, not at a loss for people to burn. The authority of his station, and of his grey hairs, was employed to overcome the disgust with which an intelligent and virtuous child regarded persecution.

Intolerance is always bad. But the sanguinary intolerance of a man, who thus wavered in his creed, excites a loathing, to which it is difficult to give vent without calling foul names. Equally false to political and to religious obligations, he was first the tool of Somerset, and then the tool of Northumberland. When the former wished to put his own brother to death, without even the form of a trial, he found a ready instrument in Cranmer. In spite of the canon-law, which forbade a churchman to take any part in matters of blood, the archbishop signed the warrant for the atrocious sentence. When Somerset had been in his turn destroyed, his destroyer received the support of Cranmer in his attempt to change the course of the succession.

The apology made for him by his admirers, only renders his conduct more contemptible. He complied, it is said, against his better judgment, because he could not resist the entreaties of Edward! A holy prelate of sixty, one would think, might be better employed by the bedside of a dying child, than in committing crimes at the request of his disciple. If he had shown half as much firmness when Edward requested him to commit treason, as he had before shown when Edward requested him not to commit murder, he might have saved the country from one of the greatest misfortunes that it ever underwent. He became, from whatever motive, the accomplice of the worthless Dudley. The virtuous scruples of another young and amiable mind were to be overcome. As Edward had been forced into persecution, Jane was to be seduced into usurpation. No transaction in our annals is more unjustifiable than this. If an hereditary title were to be respected, Mary possessed it. If a parliamentary title were preferable, Mary possessed that also. If the interest of the Protestant religion required a departure from the ordinary rule of succession, that interest would have been best served by raising Elizabeth to the throne. If the foreign relations of the kingdom were considered, still stronger reasons might be found for preferring Elizabeth to Jane. There was great doubt whether Jane or the Queen of Scotland had the better claim; and that doubt would, in all probability, have produced a war, both with Scotland and with France, if the project of Northumberland had not been blasted in its infancy. That Elizabeth had a better claim than the Queen of Scotland, was indisputable. To the part which Cranmer, and unfortunately some better men than Cranmer, took in this most reprehensible scheme, much of the severity with which the Protestants were afterwards treated, must in fairness be ascribed.

The plot failed, and Cranmer recanted. Most people look on his recantation as a single blemish on an honourable life—the frailty of an unguarded moment. But in fact, it was in strict accordance with the system on which he had constantly acted.

It was part of a regular habit. It was not the first recantation that he had made; and, in all probability, if it had answered its purpose, it would not have been the last. We do not blame him for not choosing to be burnt alive. It is no very severe reproach to any person, that he does not possess heroic fortitude. But surely a man who liked the fire so little, should have had some sympathy for others. A persecutor who inflicts nothing which he is not ready to endure, deserves some respect. But when a man who loves his doctrines more than the lives of his neighbours, loves his own little finger better than his doctrines, a very simple argument, *a fortiori*, will enable us to estimate the amount of his benevolence.

But his martyrdom, it is said, redeemed every thing. It is extraordinary that so much ignorance should exist on this subject. The fact is, that if a martyr be a man who chooses to die rather than to renounce his opinions, Cranmer was no more a martyr than Dr. Dodd. He died solely because he could not help it. He never retracted his recantation, till he found he had made it in vain. The queen was fully resolved that, Catholic or Protestant, he should burn. Then he spoke out, as people generally speak out when they are at the point of death, and have nothing to hope or to fear on earth. If Mary had suffered him to live, we suspect that he would have heard mass, and received absolution, like a good Catholic, till the accession of Elizabeth; and that he would then have purchased, by another apostacy, the power of burning men better and braver than himself.

## SONNET.—THE "OUR FATHER."

FATHER, o'er whom the everlasting dome  
Of Heav'n spreads wide to canopy Thy head,  
Thy Name for aye be blest'd and hallowed,  
And soon thy long-expected Kingdom come:  
And, as thro' all the happy realms of Heav'n,  
So through the earth Thy righteous will be done,  
Oh! grant us, duly as the day comes on,  
To eat the bread still by Thy bounty given.  
In pity, all our trespasses forgive,  
Grievous and manifold, for me impart  
Ready and free forgiveness from the heart,  
E'en for the bitterest wrongs we e'er receive.  
Guide Thou our feet far from the tempter's snare,  
And guard from distant harm and danger lurking near.

## "HAIL MARY."

AVE Maria,—thou whose sacred breast  
Was ever fraught with God's most treasured grace,  
The Lord is with thee.—Thou alone art blest'd  
And honour'd most among all of Eva's race:  
And He who came to change the sinful fate  
Of this corrupted earth—fruit of thy womb—  
Blessed is He.—O thou that couldst embrace  
God for thy Son, whose breast was His dear home,  
Pray for us now, and when death calls us to the tomb.

*Marathon.*—Surrounded by mountains, where it is not bounded by the sea, the plain of Marathon presents a noble theatre for the performance of a mighty action. Unlike the scene of many other famous battles, it seems to offer no peculiar advantages to either of two parties who might choose to bring their differences to a bloody arbitrament upon it, affording to both "a fair field and no favour." In such a situation woe to the vanquished: way of escape there is none—none at least for a body of men in any regular order: individual safety might perhaps be attained in the defiles of the hills; but the rout of a defeated army must, I should imagine, be complete. The Greeks, when they descended from the mountains, must have resolved that

"They should see them, as victors, or see them no more."

As to the exploit of the ten thousand Greeks putting into confusion by a determined charge the vast and unweildy mass of the Persian army, our own experience in modern times has taught us to consider the destruction of such multitudes by small bands of brave and disciplined troops as nothing extraordinary. Our admiration is due rather to Miltiades, whose courage led him to devise and adopt a plan of attack so contrary to the strategy of the age, and whose consummate management succeeded in employing his somewhat intractable and hesitating comrades, as instruments for carrying it into effect, than to any particular valour displayed by the forces under his command. I must not, however, leave it to be supposed that such considerations deprived me of any portion of that interest with which so many recollections conspire to invest the spot, or that I ascended the "Grave of the Persians" with less enthusiastic feelings than such localities excite in the most romantic.—*Baynes's Ramble, &c.*

## REVENGE AND ITS PUNISHMENTS.

WE were in south latitude twenty degrees, west longitude ten degrees eighteen minutes, on our passage from the Cape down to St. Helena; the ship was dashing the spray before her, going through the water at the rate of ten knots, the wind was just abaft the beam, and hardly enough of it to make a spar crack; every stitch of drawing canvas was set—not a gore of it fluttered—she looked beautiful as the breeze brought her top-side down to the larboard wave, and the lee rigging slackened up to the bellies of the white sails till I could almost imagine, like Byron, that I was carried away by “a thing of life.” A sailor can never call his ship *it*. *She* is the only pronoun which he could apply to his “bonnie bark.” She is a sort of sweet-heart to him.

The captain stood on the quarter-deck, exulting at his well-rigged clipper; his eyes sparkled again as the spray broke over the rough-tree rail, and the long wake of eddies foamed abaft us. Really it was a scene which made one’s soul glad.

“Something on the starboard bow!” bawled out Sam Stay-sail, with the voice of a stentor. He was keeping a look-out on the fore-castle. Sam’s voice was of amazing volume and force, and everything being as quiet as a mummy depot in one of the pyramids when he hailed us with his right hand at his lips for a speaking-trumpet, it startled us as much as if old Neptune had paid us a visit, and saluted us in the mild and subdued tone for which his godship is proverbial.

“Helm starboard!” exclaimed the captain to the man at the wheel. She answered her helm immediately. The braces and sheets were handled, the sheaves creaked, the sails quivered, and the good ship hove-to “in the twinkling of a marlinespike,” as one of the crew said, on observing the adroitness with which the evolution had been performed. “Lower away the boat, with a couple of hands in her,” ordered the captain. The davits instantly seemed animated, two men were in the boat, and the davit-falls running through the blocks in less time than is generally accomplished in taking a pinch of snuff. I took a telescope, and standing against the fore part of the poop, on the starboard side, endeavoured to descry the object which had been the cause of stopping us. I quickly discovered something rising and falling with the wave, and approaching the ship. It was not a boat. As it neared us, I could perceive something alive on it. The living thing was a man, and he waved something in his hand. I soon discovered that it was a henceop, on which the poor wretch floated.

“Good heaven!” I thought, “nothing but the wide Atlantic, and wider heaven for this poor creature to gaze upon, and a henceop the only thing of this world to which he clings to prevent him from perishing; nay, more, that henceop his *only* basis in this desert of waters, and even on that he seems but the prisoner of Death, who, instead of dispatching him with a stroke of his dart, is gloating himself like a truculent tyrant, by gradually famishing his poor victim ere he devours him!” I thought of many of the horrors of shipwreck which I had heard of, and my blood seemed to curdle in my veins. All the passengers came upon deck—among them there was a captain of a man-of-war, who had been picked up by a vessel that we had fallen in with, his own ship having foundered under most mysterious circumstances; this gentleman was going to England in our vessel as a passenger. He had described the horrors which he endured previous to being picked up, and the whole of his direful story rushed vividly on my mind as I gazed upon the wretch, who, with the instinctive love of life, and under the influence of hope, (the great boon of heaven to suffering wretches), clung to two or three deal boards, rather than close his miseries by sinking into eternity. The men in the boat soon removed him from his perilous situation. I could perceive, as they pulled him into our boat, that he was too weak to stand. They laid him down carefully in the stern-sheets of the boat, and pulled toward the ship. They soon came alongside, and ropes being handed down, the tars kindly put their jackets round the poor fellow, and under his armpits, and we slowly boused him up to the gangway, and pulled him inboard upon deck. Famine had battered like a vulture upon his living flesh. He was a mere animated skeleton. His eyes glared from the recess of their sockets, his cheek-bones protruded almost through his yellow skin, his lips were blue, his beard was long, and added to the hideousness of his ghastly physiognomy.

“Water! water!” he exclaimed; opening more widely his eye-lashes, the pupils of his eyes dilating at the same time; “for heaven’s sake, water!”

His lips seemed rigid as he opened them to utter the supplication, and his lungs groaned, as it were, with convulsion, as he

inhaled the air which was expelled from them in articulating it. We took him under the awning on the quarter-deck. A little water in a biggin was brought to him. O heaven! I had no conception of what thirst is, till that moment. His limbs quivered as the precious, pure fluid touched his lips. And oh, the expression, the horrible expression of gratification that distorted his hardly human features, as his parched mouth and throat were cooled by the delicious draught! Every restorative that could be thought of, and obtained on board the vessel, was administered to the sufferer, and at length, sleep, nature’s soft restorer, kindly shed her influence over him. He slept for two hours. When he awoke, I was seated alone by his side. He looked wildly around.

“What—where—who—where am I?” he incoherently exclaimed. “Is this a ship? that the face of heaven? O God!” He shut his eyes, and seemed absorbed in mental prayer for a few moments.

I took his hand, and, with as much kindness as possible, asked him if he wanted anything, or if I could do anything for him. He grasped my hand tight in his hard but attenuated fingers.

“You are not a fiend!” he exclaimed, gazing on me with a phrenzied look.

“No, no, my dear fellow!” I replied, “a friend who wishes to serve you.”

He grasped my hand still tighter, and pressed it to his bosom. I saw a tear roll down his lank cheek. The steward of the vessel passing at the moment, I sent him for a shirt of mine, and two or three articles of dress, enough to cover humanity in those tropical regions. The steward brought them. I had given my patient a little wine and water, and sopped a piece of bread in it, which, with much difficulty, he had swallowed. I lifted him up on my arm, the moisture had evaporated from his garments, and left the salt crystals in every fold. I, with much difficulty, stripped him; his back had evidently been lacerated by that accursed instrument of torture, the cat-o-nine-tails.

“Is your back painful?” I inquired.

He shook his head in an agony, and replied, “It is, Sir, very, very painful.”

I concluded that he had been flogged for some act of criminality, and that any allusion to his flagellation would most likely cause a bitter augmentation of his sufferings. After I had clad him comfortably, and put him in my own cot, he seized my hand, and kissing it, said, “I fear, Sir, I am not long here.”

I cheered him, and told him that I could see he was an Englishman, and that I hoped, in a few weeks, he would see the white cliffs and green fields of his native land.

“Never! never!” he responded, with a sigh. “I have seen my poor father, who died when I was a boy, and fiends were lashing me with scorpions. You drove them away—” I was afraid he was becoming delirious, and, therefore, stopped him. I assured him that he had slept and dreamed of these things.

“No! no! no!” he ejaculated quickly. “I know they will seize me!”

I endeavoured to tranquillize him. He seemed grateful for my kindness, repeatedly pressed my hand to his lips, and wept. At length he said—“Oh, Sir, my hour is come—I am a murderer!”

“Providence!” I exclaimed, “how mysterious are thy dispensations! A murderer thus rescued from the oblivious grave of the unfathomable deep, to confess his crime, and, perhaps, expiate it on a gallows in the country of his birth!” I involuntarily shrank from him, and would have stood at a distance, but he would not let go my hand.

“Sit down,” he said in an agony; “sit down—I will tell you all.”

I sat down, my mind at the time experiencing a conflict between horror and curiosity, which it would require a more graphic pen than mine to describe.

“I am a dying murderer,” he groaned, and seemed unable to proceed. “Oh, Sir!” he added, “do not look at me in pity, but promise me you will not divulge my story.” I promised him that I would not. “But why not?” he said; “I shall be in the deep!” He paused—a conflict of the most agonizing description was evidently passing in his breast. He turned to me, and seizing me by the arm with his left hand—his right hand at the same time squeezing mine—appeared as if he had concentrated all the energy which his sufferings had left him.

“I am a murderer, a dying murderer—but heaven—no, no, it was *revenge*—heaven can never pardon *revenge*—never, never!” I besought him to be calm, and assured him that the gates of heaven were shut only against the finally impenitent. He wept. He then proceeded—“Oh, Sir, I have been the means of

sending hundreds of my fellow-creatures to their account before their time!"

He shuddered as he uttered this, and fixing his eye on vacancy, his lips quivered, his tongue moved, but he uttered not a word. I thought he communed with the Almighty Parent of universal humanity, and I dropped on my knees, and besought my God, of his infinite mercy, to pardon him.

His abstraction terminated. He resumed: "I served on board his majesty's brig —, under Captain —; he was a cruel tyrant, but that is no excuse—he will appear in judgment against me—heaven forgive me!" He trembled as he uttered this. I thought his imagination wandered, and would have terminated his disjointed narrative, but he prayed me to hear the remainder. "O, Sir, he flogged me for looking at him—scarcely anything else did I do. I looked at him in a manner which displeased him; he ordered me to have three dozen. I writhed under the bloody thongs—I fainted—I was scoffed at—hooted—O heaven—I—I sought a revenge that a fiend would have shrunk from—I—I took an auger, bored holes in the pumps first, and then through the ship's bottom—Oh, O—h!" He fainted.

I moistened his lips, and burned rags under his nostrils. He revived. I entreated him not to resume his story, but he replied—"I pray you, Sir, to hear me, my soul is already much relieved. The ship went down—I did intend to drown with the rest, but love of life was too strong for me. I clung to a hencoop. I heard some shriek. I heard some struggle. The water gurgled in the throats of some. Oh, Sir, I saw some of their looks as they sank. I saw my messmates that I had murdered. Oh, Heaven! save, save, save—it is him! save, save —" he vociferated and swooned.

The captain of whom I have before spoken, had come to my side, when the poor wretch exclaimed, "*It is him!*"

"Good heavens!" the captain exclaimed. "It is, it must be Tom Rowler!"

"Do you know him, Sir?" I inquired.

The captain looked at his arm, and seeing the mark with which it was tattooed, replied, "O yes, Sir, I know him well enough—he was one of my own men."

"Indeed, Sir," I replied, "then there are other marks by which he may be identified," and I indignantly showed him the poor fellow's back. He coloured—hummed a tune—and tried to assume an air of nonchalance.

"O, he deserved what he got," said he.

"Monster!" I muttered to myself.

"He will be glad enough to see me on *terra firma* again, I assure you, Sir," said he. "Poor devil, I thought he had made a shark's supper."

The poor fellow revived, but seemed afraid to open his eyes; he covered them with the palm of his bony hands. I stepped aside from him, and asked Captain — if he could account for the foundering of his vessel.

"No!" he replied, with imperturbable coolness, "deuce take me if I can account for it. We found the water making very fast, the pumps would not draw a tea-cup-full; it seemed as if some infernal spell had seized the ship. However, down she went like a pig of kentledge. *Save qui peut*, was the motto of all hands. I got into the launch, and was picked up as I have already told you. This poor devil got quarters among the corks and hens, it appears."

I was rejoiced to perceive that he did not know of the atrocious crime which the wretched being before him had committed. I again approached the poor creature, took his hands, and asked him if he felt better.

"Yes! yes! yes!" he replied convulsively, as if out of breath with the tumult within him.

"Hoy, Rowler!" unfeelingly bawled the captain.

The wretched man sprang up from the cot at the sound, opened his eyes, as if frantic, uttered a horrible shriek, and exclaimed, "It is him!" save me—save me—"Convulsions seized his whole frame. It was with much difficulty that we held him down to prevent him destroying himself.

The fit left him in a state of extreme debility; delirium and fever ensued; two days after, Death, from whom we hoped we had rescued one victim, seized his prey.

We sewed up the body in a hammock, a shot was slung to it to secure its sinking, and we committed it to its deep grave of water, without a coffin or shroud, but not without a prayer. Hardened as was the captain, he fell ill, and did not soon recover.

Loosen yourself from the ties that bind you to the world, that fortune and death may not break them painfully.

In danger unfortunately necessity very often becomes law.

## ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"The house in which I am at present living gives what seems to me a correct idea of the scene of Eutychus's falling from the upper loft while Paul was preaching. Acts. xx. 6—12. According to our idea of houses the scene is very far from intelligible; and, besides this, the circumstance of preaching generally leaves on the minds of cursory readers the notion of a church. To describe this house, which is not many miles distant from the Troad, and, perhaps, from the unchanging character of Oriental customs, nearly resembles the houses then built, will fully illustrate the narrative. On entering my host's door, we find the first floor entirely used as a store; it is filled with large barrels of oil, the produce of the rich country for many miles round: this space, so far from being habitable, is sometimes so dirty with the dripping of the oil, that it is difficult to pick out a clean footing from the door to the first step of the staircase. On ascending, we find the first floor, consisting of an humble suite of rooms, not very high; these are occupied by the family, for their daily use. It is on the next story that all their expense is lavished: here my courteous host has appointed my lodging: beautiful curtains and mats, and cushions to the divan, display the respect with which they mean to receive their guest. Here, likewise, their splendour, being at the top of the house, is enjoyed by the poor Greeks with more retirement, and less chance of molestation from the intrusion of the Turks; here, when the professors of the college waited upon me to pay their respects, they were received in ceremony, and sat at the window. The room is both higher and also larger than those below; it has two projecting windows; and the whole floor is so much extended in front beyond the lower part of the building, that the projecting windows considerably overhang the street. In such an upper room, secluded, spacious, and commodious, St. Paul was invited to preach his parting discourse. The divan, or raised seat, with mats or cushions, encircles the interior of each projecting window; and I have remarked, that, when the company is numerous, they sometimes place large cushions behind the company seated on the divan; so that a second tier of company, with their feet upon the seat of the divan, are sitting behind, higher than the front row. Eutychus, thus sitting, would be on a level with the open window; and, being overcome with sleep, he would easily fall out from the third loft of the house into the street, and be almost certain from such a height, to lose his life. Thither St. Paul went down, and comforted the alarmed company by bringing up Eutychus alive. It is noted, that *that there were many lights in the upper chamber*. The very great plenty of oil in this neighbourhood would enable them to afford many lamps; the heat of these and so much company would cause the drowsiness of Eutychus, at that late hour, and be the occasion likewise of the windows being open."—JOWETT'S CHRISTIAN RESEARCHES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"In Persia slaves often become favourite and confidential servants; and their children, from being born in the house, are considered in a light hardly less respectable than the relations of the family. They are denominated Khanahzad, or house-born slaves." This recalls the passage in *Genesis* xiv. 14. "*His trained servants, born in his own house*."—MALCOLM'S HISTORY OF PERSIA.

"April the 9th, we were all called up, and acquainted that the walls were assaulted and scaled in five different places, though it was so exceedingly dark that neither moon nor star was to be seen; yet the agent, and all the gentlemen of the factory (excepting a young gentleman, who was so obliging as to stay for me) rose immediately, and made the best of their way for the creek's mouth. In our way, the women threw tiles and stones at us from the tops of our houses, though we called to them in Arabic, to forbear, as we were English: they answered, we lied, for that we were Agema (Persians) in English dress: but as it was so very dark that we could not see each other at four yards' distance, we were obliged to run the gauntlet, and were so lucky as to escape without being knocked on the head, although we received many blows on the arms and shoulders, which left their marks for some days." This illustrates that passage of *Judges* ix. 53. "*And a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head*."—PARSON'S TRAVELS IN ASIA.

## CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS ON BEES.

## THE QUEEN BEE.

The *queen bee*, distinguished by her superior size and dignified carriage, her short and feeble wings, her long and *curved* weapon, her higher colour, and the care, attention, and respect of her numerous subjects, is seldom seen by the apiarian, except in the hive of glass, or at the head of a swarm, when a colony is sent forth from the parent hive. One of our most eminent apiarians, in a close watch from grey dawn to sunset, for ten weeks, did not see the queen make an excursion from the hive.

The queen, and certain fertile workers, are the only mothers of the hive, and they are oviparous. The eggs, productive of workers, are laid in common cells; those which form drones, in longer cells; while those from which royal insects are to spring, are deposited in apartments of a totally different form and structure.

In a few days the egg of a drone, or worker, produces a worm or larva, which, fed on the pollen of flowers mixed with a little honey, called "bee-bread," after a space of from three to six days, incloses itself in a cocoon, and remains for some time in a state termed pupa, or aurelia; and then, issuing from its woven tomb, exhibits the lively, useful, winged insect, in its full development. The worker appears on the twenty-first day: the drone on the twenty-fifth; and the queen on the sixteenth.

The birth of a queen is an important event in the hive; for on her depend the future welfare, and even existence of the society. According to the best authority, the nascent queen finds herself in undisputed possession of the government, as her predecessor and parent, guided by unerring instinct, leaves the hive, at the head of a swarm, a few days or hours before her birth. The very first act of authority, on the part of the new sovereign, and indeed the act of the first hour of her existence, is one of apparently unnatural severity. Diligently exploring the royal cradles, she inserts into each her long curved sting, and kills every royal pupa. Often, the workers endeavour to prevent the deadly act.

"No sooner," says Huber, "does she approach, than the bees nite, pull, and harass her, so that she is forced to remove; but the royal cells being numerous, scarce can she find a place of rest. Incessantly animated with the desire of attacking the other queens, and as incessantly repelled, she becomes agitated, and hastily traverses the different groups of workers, to which she communicates her disorder. At this moment numbers of bees rush towards the aperture of the hive, and, accompanied by the young queen, forsake it, to seek another habitation. After the departure of the colony, the remaining workers set another queen at liberty, and drive her from the royal cells; she also, perpetually harassed, becomes agitated, departs, and carries a new swarm along with her. In a populous hive, this scene is repeated, with the same circumstances, three or four times during summer."

When the bees, having sufficient room, do not go off in swarms, the new queen either kills her sisters, before they emerge from their cells; or destroys them in single combat after they come forth.

In these combats the workers take no part; but when a stranger of royal degree is put into a hive, they immediately surround her, cling to her, and, finally, either suffocate her, or starve her to death. Huber supposed that, even in this case, the stranger was killed by the reigning queen, while Rheim and Schirach ascribed her death to the weapons of the workers; but the minute investigations of the Rev. W. Dunbar, revealed the more inglorious cause of destruction.

That such is the mode of destroying her, is proved even by Huber's experiments. On the loss of a queen, if a stranger be introduced within twelve hours, she is soon found dead. If less than eighteen hours have elapsed, she is at first imprisoned; but finally escapes, and governs the hive. After an interregnum of twenty-four hours, the new queen is joyfully and instantly received, and admitted to the sovereignty of the hive.

No part of the natural history of the bee is more interesting than that which relates to its attachment to the queen:

"Dr. Warder being desirous of ascertaining the extent of the bees' loyalty to their sovereign, ran the hazard of destroying a swarm for that purpose. Having shaken on the grass all the bees from a hive, which they had only tenanted the day before, he searched for the queen, by stirring amongst them with a stick. Having found and placed her, with a few attendants, in a box, she was taken into his parlour; where, the box being

opened, she and her attendants immediately flew to the window, when he clipped off one of her wings, returned her to the box, and confined her there for above an hour. In less than a quarter of an hour the swarm ascertained the loss of their queen, and instead of clustering together in one social mass, they diffused themselves over a space of several feet, were much agitated, and uttered a plaintive sound. An hour afterwards they all took flight, and settled on the hedge where they had first alighted, after leaving the parent stock; but instead of hanging together like a bunch of grapes, as when a queen is present, they extended themselves along the hedge in small bunches of forty or fifty or more. The queen was now presented to them, when they all quickly gathered round her, with a joyful hum, and formed one harmonious cluster. At night the doctor hived them again, and on the following morning repeated the experiment, to see whether the bees would rise; the queen being in a mutilated state, and unable to accompany them, they surrounded her for several hours, apparently willing to die with her, rather than desert her in her distress. The queen was a second time removed, when they spread themselves out again, as though searching for her. Her repeated restoration to them, at different parts of their circle, produced one uniform result; and these poor, loyal, and loving creatures, always marched and countermarched every way as the queen was laid. The doctor persevered in these experiments, till, after five days and nights of (voluntary) fasting, *they all died of famine*, except the queen, who lived a few hours longer, and then died. The attachment of the queen to the working bees appeared to be equally as strong as their attachment to her; though offered honey on several occasions during the periods of her separation from them, she constantly refused it, disdaining life without the company of her subjects."

Huber thus describes the effect of the removal of a queen:

"Bees are not immediately aware of the removal of their queen; their labours are uninterrupted; they watch over the young, &c. But in a few hours agitation ensues; all appears a scene of tumult and confusion. A singular humming is heard; the bees desert their young, and rush over the surface of the combs with delirious impetuosity. I cannot doubt that the agitation arises from the workers having lost their queen; for on restoring her, tranquillity is instantly regained among them; and what is very singular, they *recognise* her: you must interpret this expression strictly. Substitution of another queen is not attended with the same effect."

Even the dead body of their queen is a subject for the respect and affection of the workers; and they have, according to Huber, preferred "the inanimate corpse to any living queen." Dr. Evans relates the following affecting anecdote. A queen, in a thinly-peopled hive, lay on a comb apparently dying. Six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings, as if to fan her, and with extended stings, as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting honey, all the bees, *except the guards*, partook of it; but they, absorbed in their mournful duty, disregarded the proffered banquet. On the following day the queen, though lifeless, was yet surrounded by her guard; and of this faithful band of followers, not one deserted his post, until death came kindly to extinguish both his affection and his grief. Our friend Professor Thomson relates, that having separated a part of a sectional hive with its honey, he covered the hive as usual, and conveyed the separated portion to a dark room in his house. The queen happened to be in the part removed. After several days he found the bees which it contained at work on the combs, though the box lay in an inverted position, and open at the top. Through a small aperture between the window-shutters they had gone out, and come in, and were content to reside with their queen in a dark chamber, and in a roofless box. The bees left in the *hive*, soon discovered the loss of the queen, and kept lounging and clustering about the box, apparently without spirit and without aim. The restoration of the section with the queen reanimated them, and the business of the society again proceeded as usual.—*American Q. Review.*

He who gives to the poor, is laying up his money in heaven. Modern philosophy rends the brilliant veil of hope, that it may wrap us up in the darkness of annihilation.

The most certain way of getting rid of an enemy, is to make him one's friend.

Old acquaintances are better than new friends.

Nothing is so positive as ignorance.

Neither do our wishes, nor the great stir that we make, forward in a single degree the arrangements of providence.

To be well informed produces two great advantages; one decides less, and one decides better.

## SUGGESTIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

ABOUT

## BUILDING CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

1. *Site*.—Central, with regard to the population to be provided for; dry; if possible, rather elevated, but not on a high or a steep hill;—not near nuisances, such as steam-engines, shafts of mines, noisy trades, or offensive manufactories;—accessible by foot and carriage-ways, but not so near to principal thoroughfares, as to subject the service of the Church to the danger of being incommoded by noise. The building to stand east and west as nearly as possible.

2. *Style and Form*.—No style seems more generally suitable for an English Church than the Gothic of our own country, as developed in its successive periods. The Norman (or Romanesque) style is also suitable, and offers peculiar advantages under certain circumstances, especially when the material is brick. The Society earnestly recommends that, in the proportions and great features, as well as in the details, good ancient examples should be closely followed.

For Gothic Churches, the best form is either the cross, consisting of a nave, transepts, and chancel, or the double rectangle, composed of a nave, with or without side aisles, and of a chancel. In a Chapel, the single rectangle is also suitable; the length being at least twice as great as the breadth. If the funds do not suffice to complete satisfactorily a design, otherwise eligible; or if the circumstances of the neighbourhood render it probable that, at no great distance of time, the building may be enlarged; it is better to leave a part of the original design, as, for example, side aisles or transepts, to a future period, than to attempt the completion of the whole design at once in an inferior manner. In such a case the temporary walls and fillings up of arches should be so built, as clearly to show that they are temporary, and that the building is incomplete, but at the same time not without due regard to ecclesiastical propriety.

3. *Foundation*.—To be surrounded, if requisite, by good covered drains. If the soil wants firmness, the walls may often be better secured from partial settlements by spreading the footing on each side, than by deepening the foundation, or resorting to more expensive works.

In all irregular or doubtful soils, concrete is recommended for the foundations, in preference to any other material.

No interment should be permitted under a Church, except in arched vaults properly constructed at the time of building the Church, with entrances from the outside only; nor should any graves be made within twenty feet of the external wall.

4. *Area*.—It would tend much to the preservation of Churches, and render them more dry, if a paved open area, not less than eighteen inches wide, were made round them, and sunk six or eight inches below the level of the ground about the Church, with a drain from the area to carry off the water.—Or the same objects might be attained either by turning a segmental arch from the wall outside the footing, or by bedding in the wall a course of slate in cement.

5. *Basement*.—The inequalities of the ground, the dampness of the soil, &c. often render it desirable to have crypts under a church. They should be of a massive construction, tunned upon semicircular or segmental arches, resembling the early examples, entered only from without.

6. *Floor*.—To *sittings*, wood: to open spaces, or chancel, stone or encaustic tiles.—If not undervaulted, it may be freed from damp by brick rubble, flints, ashes, or furnace slack, laid to the depth of twelve or eighteen inches under the floor.—Allowance should also be made for the future rise of the surrounding burial ground; the floors of many Churches, originally above ground, are at this day many feet below the surface, and have thereby become damp and unwholesome. It is desirable that the Church floor should be raised at least three steps above the ground line.

The distance between the joists of the floor should never exceed twelve inches.

All wood floors should be supported on walls, with a clear space of eighteen inches in depth, well ventilated beneath.

No American timber to be used either in the floors or any other part of the building.

Flagged floors should be laid on cross walls eighteen inches high.

7. *Walls*.—To be solidly constructed of stone, either squared, or rubble, or flint; or of brick, where no good stone can be procured without great additional expense. If the walls are of brick, cased with stone or flint, the stone or flint to be well bonded into the brick. As a general rule, the thickness must not be less than as follows:—

|                                                                                    | Square Stone of the best quality, or Brick, | Brick, faced with Flint or Stone, | Inferior Stone, Flint, or Rubble. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| If less than twenty feet high, and carrying a roof not exceeding twenty feet span. | ft. in. 1 10 1                              | ft. in. 2 0                       | ft. in. 2 3                       |
| If twenty feet or more high, or carrying a roof exceeding twenty feet span.        | 2 3                                         | 2 5                               | 2 6                               |
| If more than thirty feet high.                                                     | 2 7 1                                       | 2 9                               | 3 0                               |

The above dimensions are given on the supposition, that there are buttresses, of solidity and form suitable to the style adopted, placed opposite the trusses or principals of the roof: where there are no buttresses, the thickness of the two walls must be considerably greater.

No cement or plastering of any kind to be used as a facing of the walls, or of any external part of a Church or Chapel.

If a wall be built with two faces of stone, filled between with rubble, great care must be taken that they be properly bonded together, as the wall will otherwise not stand a partial settlement. Where good stone is scarce, a thickness, otherwise perhaps unattainable, may be secured by this method of construction.

Walls built of flint or rubble should have bonding courses of stone or brick, and stone or brick piers at intervals, approaching at least within four inches of the external face.

Whatever be the material of which the substance of the walls is made, the dressings should, if possible, be invariably of stone.

The greatest attention should be paid to the quality of the mortar used.

8. *Roof*.—The best external covering is lead, which should be not less than seven pounds to the foot;—or copper of not less than twenty-two ounces to the foot. Blue tiles, commonly called Newcastle tiles, or stone tiles, are perhaps the next best covering.—Westmoreland slates are better in colour than those commonly used, but are, in most cases, expensive. All slates to be fixed with copper nails.

Flat ceilings are inconsistent with Gothic architecture. Next to a stone vaulted roof, none has so good an effect internally, as an open roof exhibiting the timbers. It is desirable that this should be of high pitch, the transverse section forming or approaching to the figure of an equilateral triangle.

If a wooden panelled roof be preferred, the panning should not be made to imitate stone.

In roofs of low pitch and wide span, horizontal tie-beams are necessary; but in other cases, where the Society is satisfied that due provision has been made for the safety of the construction without them, they may be dispensed with.

If the distance between the principal trusses exceed ten feet, intermediate trusses must be introduced. The distance between the common rafters should never exceed twelve inches.

Wherever the ends of timbers are lodged in the walls, they should rest in cast-iron shoes or on stone corbels.—From the Ecclesiologist.—(To be Continued.)

*A Monster Bell*.—An immense bell, the largest ever cast in England, weighing no less than 7 tons 11 cwt. 2 qrs. and 12 lbs., was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Mears and Son, Whitechapel, a short time ago. Its diameter at the edge is seven feet three inches; its clapper weighs upwards of 3 cwt.; the wood-work, which is composed of old English oak, one ton; the iron-work, more than half a ton; and the bell itself is heavier than the Great Tom of Lincoln, by 32 cwt. It is intended for the new Catholic cathedral at Montreal, in Canada; and when shipped for its destination, it was found necessary to cut away part of the deck, to admit it into the hold.

## THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

THERE are few finer things in Europe than the monastery called by this name. It stands on the very edge of France, close to the borders of Savoy, amongst the mountains which form the lowest and most western line of the great chain of the Alps. It is distant about sixteen English miles from Grenoble, the chief town of the department of the Isere, and about twelve from Les Echelles, in Savoy, a small town on the great road from France to Italy by mount Cenis and Turin.

Les Echelles stands in a plain quite surrounded by high mountains, on a river called the Guiers Vif. It is like the situation of Beddgelert, in Carnarvonshire, except that the mountains are nearly twice as high as those in Wales. When you set out for Les Echelles to go to the Grande Chartreuse, you cross the Guiers Vif, and enter France immediately; for this little river here divides the two countries of France and Savoy. You then go along the plain, for about three or four miles, towards the mountains which surround it, and which rise so high and so steep, and so without any apparent opening, that you cannot fancy where the road will carry you. At last, when you are come close under them, you find that an enormous notch, as it were, has been cut down into them from top to bottom, just wide enough to leave room for a roaring mountain torrent which comes hurrying down, and presently falls into the Guiers Vif. This torrent is called the Guiers Mort, or the Dead Guiers; as the name of the other means the "Quick," or the Living Guiers. Up the banks of this Dead Guiers you are now to make your way, in the deep notch above-mentioned; so deep that in winter the sun can hardly be seen over the tops of the cliffs, and so narrow that there is only room for the chafing torrent, and a narrow road, or rather track, cut through the wood along its side. The trees, all the way, are magnificent, chiefly pines and beech, and the timber grows to an enormous size. You go in this sort of scenery for about seven or eight miles, ascending all the way, and in some places the track is very steep, and is cut in zigzags to ease it; for you are going up towards the source of the Dead Guiers, and sometimes the ground falls, or rather rises to you, so rapidly that the stream comes down in a succession of waterfalls; and, as you have to follow the course of the stream, your track is steep in proportion. At last, when you have thus got up to a great height, you find an opening in the mountains on your left hand, where another little torrent comes down into the Guiers; and this is not such a mere notch as the glen up which you have been toiling, but is wide enough to have some pasture in it, and the green open fields look quite cheerful amidst the dark masses of wood which form a ring round them. You turn up this opening and ascend some way farther, and then, just at the head of this little valley, under high walls of cliff which rise up abruptly out of the pines, and stop all farther progress, you see the monastery of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

It is a very large pile of buildings, like one of our colleges, inclosing a great oblong-square or cloister, the length of which is 672 French feet, or nearly 714 English. At each corner the roof runs up very high to a point, like the two wings of the Tuilleries, at Paris. Your guide takes you to a large out-building, where you leave your horses, and where you are met by one of the lay-brothers, who conducts you to the monastery, and shows you into the stranger's room. Here you may dine, if you require it; but no meat is allowed to be eaten at the Chartreuse, either by the monks themselves or by others. The lay-brother then returns to take you round the building. The cells of the fathers are ranged along the sides of the great cloister, with little mottoes from holy Scripture, or from some religious book, painted outside on the doors. Each cell includes two rooms and a sort of closet for books, besides a lumber or wood-room on the ground-floor, opening into a little garden, inclosed within four stone walls; but when you look beyond the walls, or rather up into the sky, you see the magnificent boundary-wall of cliff, crowned with pines on its summit, and a cross affixed on the highest peak of all. By each cell door is a small hole in the wall, at which the father's provisions are given in to him; for they only dine in the hall on Sundays and holidays, and even then they do not speak to one another; for the rule of the Carthusians, as they are called, is one of the strictest of all the monastic orders, and they

may not speak either to one another or to strangers, without the leave of their superior.

Before the first French revolution the monks had a very considerable property in the forests which surround their monastery. But at the revolution they were deprived both of their forests and of their monastery; the former were sold to different individuals, but the latter never could find a purchaser;—its remote situation rendering it unfit for any other purpose than that for which it had been originally designed. Accordingly, when the Bourbons came back in 1814, the monks returned to the Grande Chartreuse, and to the possession of the meadows immediately around it, with the liberty of getting their fuel from the adjoining forests. In 1830 there were about one hundred and fifty persons belonging to the monastery, including the fathers and the lay-brothers. They visit the sick, and perform spiritual duties in the small chapels and churches scattered over the surrounding mountains. For eight months in the year the snow lies all round the monastery, and of course the climate is too cold either for corn or fruit; but in the summer months, when strangers commonly visit it, the bright green of the pastures, and the magnificent size of the buildings, seeming like a little habitable and humanized spot in the midst of the forests and cliffs, form a scene not only most sublime, but even cheerful and delightful.

The monks of the Grande Chartreuse, living in the midst of a wilderness, with winter lasting for two-thirds of the year, eating no meat, wearing horse-hair next their skin, and depriving themselves of one of the greatest of earthly blessings, that of social intercourse, and being in all things bound by the strictest and most precise rules,—are one extreme of human life. The colonist of a new country, under a fine climate with a rich soil, surrounded by the restless activity of a growing settlement, with a low standard of public morals, small restraints of law and few of religion, eating and drinking to his heart's content, quarrelsome and insolent out of the very plenty of his condition, talking much, reading little, thinking less, and the efforts of his mind reaching no farther than to political abuse or election squabbles,—is a specimen of another extreme. The idler in luxurious cities, hurrying from one false excitement to another, living amidst a constant round of dinners and routs, passing the night in gilded saloons where the passion for gain assumes its most hideous form of selfishness at the gaming-table, clinging to his bed till the meridian sun has seen the daily task of the industrious more than half finished—this man is a specimen of a third extreme. But as long as we have any notions of what is noble,—as long as we feel that the character is exalted by every effort, and injured by habits of mere enjoyment,—so long will the extreme of self-denial be judged by all good and wise men to be more respectable, and therefore more useful than the extremes of self-indulgence.

## THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

A wise man can be distinguished from a fool by the following marks:—Moderation in anger, government in household, and writing a letter without useless repetitions.

*How to be Happy.*—How much it would conduce to our happiness to be select in our books and in our friends; to choose each more for their good sense than their knowledge; more for their being Christians than philosophers; to be contented with a small but certain income; to have no master, and few servants; to preserve our health by exercise instead of medicine; to adhere to our religious duties; to allow the pleasures of life to pass by us without a murmur, and to wait with the confidence of pious hope for the eternal future.

The true Christian is a sincere man, solitary, little in his own eyes, which he always keeps open and attentive to his weaknesses, as much as he closes them to the weaknesses of others.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.—*Bacon.*

*Food and Air.*—Were I to select two circumstances which influence the health, especially during the growth of the body, more than any others; and concerning which, the public generally are at present most ignorant of, but about which they ought to be well informed, they would be the proper adaptation of food to difference of age and constitution, and the constant supply of pure air for respiration.

A necessitous man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

## Biography.

### MEMOIR OF HUGH PAULIN DE CRESSY.

HUGH PAULIN, called afterwards in religion, Father Paulinus de Cressy, descended from an ancient and honourable family of Nottinghamshire, was born at Wakefield in Yorkshire, A. D. 1605.\* At the age of fourteen he was removed from the grammar school at Wakefield to the University of Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A., was admitted in 1626 fellow of Merton College, and entered into orders. Shortly after he became chaplain to Lord Wentworth, with whom he continued some years, and in 1638 he went to Ireland as chaplain to Viscount Faulkland, through whose interest, in 1642, he was appointed Canon of Windsor, and, about the same time, Dean of Laughlin in Ireland. The disturbances, however, which at that period convulsed England, prevented him from deriving any benefit from his preferments, and determined him, in 1644, to accept a proposal of accompanying on the continent Charles Bertie, afterwards Earl of Falmouth.

During his residence abroad Mr. Cressy availed himself of the opportunity of acquainting himself with the real doctrines and practices of the Catholic religion, and finding, that instead of those repulsive characters which he had erroneously imputed to them, they were consonant with the genuine belief of primitive Christianity, he finally resolved on declaring himself a member of the Roman Catholic Church, which he accordingly did by a public recantation of his former opinions, in the year 1646. In the year following he published a celebrated controversial work, entitled, *Exomologesis; or, a Faithful Narrative of the Occasion and Motives of the Conversion unto Catholic Unity of Hugh Paulin de Cressy*; "not," as he writes in the preface, "that he judged himself a person of such consideration as that men would expect from his hands such an account, but that he might give some proof both of the mature advice and reasonableness of his change." In the same preface he complains, that the steps he had taken brought down upon him much misrepresentation: and Anthony Wood† quotes the words of certain Protestant writers, charging his conversion with interested and unworthy motives, from which that candid author defends him.

Not long after his conversion Mr. Cressy entertained the design of entering the religious state, and giving himself up to the practice of self-denial and prayer, in the austere house of the English Carthusians at Nieuport in Flanders; but he suffered himself to be dissuaded by his friends, and, subsequently, enrolled himself among the English Benedictines, who,

not many years before, had resuscitated the ancient English Benedictine Congregation at Douay, substituting for certain corporal austerities the labours and dangers of the English mission. In his monastery Mr. C. remained for seven years, devoting himself to the devout exercises of his state, and to the compiling and writing of various ascetic, controversial, and historical works. Among these the most admired were, *Sancta Sophia*; or, *Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation*, extracted from several manuscripts of Father Austin Baker, a celebrated convert and monk of the restored English Congregation—and "The Church History of Brittany," in two vols. folio, of which the first vol. only was published, the second remaining in manuscript in the library of the English Benedictines at Douay, until the French Revolution, wherein, with many other valuable works, it was destroyed.

About the time of Charles the Second's restoration, Mr. Cressy was appointed to the mission in England, and, upon that sovereign's marriage with Catharine, the Infanta of Portugal, was nominated chaplain to the queen, and resided chiefly at Somerset House in the Strand. Here he devoted himself without relaxation to all the duties of an active and zealous missionary, labouring by his voice, by his pen, and by his example, to restore to Christ the souls of his fellow-countrymen, who were deluded by the same errors in which he had himself been formerly engaged. At length, finding his health and strength considerably impaired, he deemed it prudent to dedicate the brief remainder of his days to a preparation in retirement for the final account he should soon be called upon to give in, and, accordingly, he withdrew to the seat of Richard Caryll, Esq. at East Grinstead, where, in the year 1674, he expired, beloved and regretted as well by Protestants as by the members of his own communion.

One of his adversaries\* tells us, that "Cressy was an author, grave and sober, whose reason was very keen and sharp." "His memory," writes Kippis,† "was revered by the Protestants, as well on account of the purity of his manners, and his mild and humble deportment, as for the plainness, candour, and decency with which he had managed all the controversies that he had been engaged in."

Of the many polemical writings of Mr. Cressy, the most interesting is his *Exomologesis*. To Catholic readers, it will not, perhaps, be tedious to peruse a brief analysis of a work, which unfolds the motives that induced a man of Mr. Cressy's penetration and judgment to renounce the doctrines in which he had been brought up, in favour of a Church against which his prejudice had been so long matured, and of which the laws are so opposed to the suggestions of flesh and blood.

The writer begins by informing us, that it was the great Rebellion, consummated by the tragical death of Charles the First, which compelled him to quit his

\* Weldon, an English Benedictine monk, who has left, in MS. a detailed history of the restoration of the ancient English Benedictine Congregation, down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, drawn from original documents formerly existing in the monasteries of that Congregation, on the Continent, relates, that Mr. Cressy was born at Thorp Salvin, in Yorkshire. A. Wood, who places his birth at Wakefield, is followed by most other biographers.

† Athenæ Oxonienses, p. 529.

\* Whitty. Preface to a Reply to what S. C. had returned to Dr. Pierce's Sermon, London. 1664.

† Biographia Britannica, vol. 4. p. 437.

native country. The horrors of civil war, and the miseries, which at that period harassed and distracted England, he traces, in the first five chapters, to the crimes of schism and sacrilege, by which the Protestant Reformation was ushered in. The seventh chapter treats of the occasion which insensibly led to his conversion. "There was," he says, "I know not how, suggested to my understanding a thought, which I could not at pleasure silence, and which interrupted my extreme eagerness of reading: it was this; *a supposition being made, that it should please Almighty God to put a period to the Church and Ecclesiastical government of England, to what Church's communion I should then adjoin myself.*" That the Church of England would not long endure, he conjectured with great apparent probability, from the animosity and success of the Puritans, from the general indifference of the English nation to the established form of worship, and from the absence of all claim to perpetuity on the part of the English Church, of which the celebrated Hooker had written, that, "in all probability, it was not to continue above fourscore years."

Pursuing his inquiry, he tells us, in chap. viii., it scarcely entered into his thoughts to pay any attention to the claims of the Roman Church; "because the main foundation thereof, namely, Infallibility, he verily believed he could, powerfully armed with Chillingworth's reasoning, evidently and demonstratively destroy." He, therefore, directed his attention to the sects of Lutherans, Calvinists, and Socinians, "as being the most considerable." An examination into their tenets, as distinguished from that of the Church of England, and an exposition of certain doctrines in their creeds, which made it impossible for him to embrace the communion of any of them, conducts us to the sixteenth chapter, which the author opens with the following words:

"Having proceeded thus far in my search of a Church, and finding, after an impartial disquisition, that, among all the sects in the western part of the world, separated from the Roman Church, I could not find any congregation, unto the communion of which I could without hypocrisy adhere, if that Church, wherein I had been bred, should come to fail (a supposition, not only possible, but as the case begun to be, ere this time, very probable), I fell into a great perplexity of mind, so great that I could not perceive any cure for it. For I now plainly perceived, that hitherto my title of being a Christian, and a member of God's Church, all my interests and hopes of blessedness depended upon a church that never did pretend either to indefectibility, infallibility, or authority, obliging any other than only those that live in her communion; and those not in conscience, but only upon penalty of being deprived of certain privileges and preferments belonging to English subjects,..... lastly, upon a Church that, as it appears now manifestly, hath no surer foundation than the prosperity of the king, and the continuance of his civil authority."

[To be continued.]

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH MISSIONS.

(From the British Queen and Statesman.)

It is impossible to watch the proceedings of the French Church, without being struck with the exceeding activity of their missions. It is wonderful how, amidst all the difficulties with which they are surrounded at home, they can find time and means for this great object, which would seem to require a church perfectly unembarrassed by domestic difficulties.

Yet the French papers are filled with accounts of the departure of young priests for various missions among the heathen, or of the appointment of vicars apostolic, with uncouth titles, to dioceses of Tartary, Africa, or some other distant region. One fact alone is sufficient to prove how much has been going on in this way. In the month of June last, the Congregation of Rites at Rome, obtained leave for the introduction of the cause of forty-four martyrs, who are proposed for canonization, and who have suffered since the year 1798; and, in addition to these, proceedings for the canonization of more than twenty have been instituted within a year or two. We, who are quietly living at home, have no notion of what Catholic Christians are suffering at this moment, for the sake of evangelising the heathen. A persecution is, probably, now raging at Tonkin, for some of the latest accounts brought news of the martyrdom of a native priest, which, as is likely, was but the prelude to other scenes of violence anticipated from the bitter threats which the edict contained against all the Christian priests. Five French missionaries have been but just released from a prison in Cochinchina, where they lay loaded with iron chains, in hourly expectation of death. The body of a Chinese martyr has arrived in Paris, and it appears, from an account given in the *Univers*, that his sufferings were long and cruel enough to remind us of the martyrdoms of the primitive Christians. He was a priest of the name of Borie; the soldiers who were sent to arrest him are said to have shrunk back for a moment in silence, when he calmly asked them, "Whom seek ye?" The executioner who put him to death was half intoxicated, and with his sword dreadfully mangled the face and head of the martyr. Seven times he struck without separating the head from the body, and all this while the holy priest did not utter a cry. Nor is it from heathens alone that the missionaries have had to suffer. In the year 1831, two French priests were expelled from the Sandwich Islands, at the instigation of the Methodists, and landed on a barren part of California, and for many years after this event the Catholic converts in those islands were exposed to a persecution from their own chiefs, because they would not attend the meeting-houses of the sectarians. Several of these poor islanders were put to the most degrading and filthy tasks, and were made to work in company with the most infamous criminals. All these dangers and sufferings seem, however, only to quicken the zeal of the French clergy. To take but one instance at random, out of many which might have been given:—five young priests have, in less than two years, left one seminary, in the diocese of Langres, to go abroad on various missions. These men were all candidates for the priesthood in France, and were, therefore, spared out of those seminarians who were destined to serve some parish at home. The lists of institutions, which are exclusively dedicated to missionary purposes, would, of course, present a much larger number. One of these institutions, the congregation for foreign missions, seems to have survived the French revolution, for a seminary under that name existed as early as the year 1648, and was formally acknowledged by the government in the year 1663, when Bossuet preached before the members assembled together for the first time after its establishment. Even females are not excluded from missionary labours; many young persons leave France for the shores of America, where, under the name of missionary sisters, they assist the priests in the education of the people. From circumstances which have come under our own observation, we can vouch that they are sometimes young ladies brought up in all the comforts of a wealthy home, who thus cross the Atlantic, and leave la belle France for the wilds of Canada.

We confess that it is with some feeling of sorrow that we give these details; not that we envy our brethren the crowns which they have gained, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that England should blush to see herself outdone by her neighbours. What have we been doing while palms have been won, and blood poured out around us? We have astonished the heathens, but not converted them; it was not so very long ago that in India we were looked upon as some strange goddess beings without any religion at all; wonderfully powerful, and wonderfully unscrupulous. We have put down one Rajah, and set up another; we have held absolute sway over whole nations; but pagans we found them, and pagans they are still. Let us look the truth boldly in the face. The English Church for three hundred years has done nothing in the way of converting the heathen. At all events, whatever victories we have made in this way have been bloodless; no one as ever yet heard of many martyrs among our missionaries. We have just returned with our great guns from China, and now we bethink ourselves of sending out a mission where missionaries have been, aye, and martyrs too for more than a century. We differ from Catholics abroad altogether in our way of setting to

work; we send soldiers first, and priests afterwards, and we never heard that it was the blood of soldiers that was the seed of the Church. Our missionaries preach under the shadow of the Union Jack with men-of-war to back them. The French Church sends out priests, bishops if they can, lands them on some heathen shore, and leaves them there to make their way with the cross in their hands. Some amongst us have a method not dissimilar, and yet marvellously more easy; they land no priests, but bibles, and there leave them. Alas! how long is this to be! Surely we do not want men; the country which in former times sent out the missionaries who converted half the Continent, must have men somewhere. Nor do we want enthusiasm; we have enthusiasm enough in the army and navy, nay in commerce and engineering; but where are the religious enthusiasts! Surely there must be some in some corner of the land, but still it is certain that they hide their heads and do not show their faces. We know many a holy and self-denying parish priest, but that is not what we mean by enthusiasm; it is the raw material of which, in former times, a monk, or a preaching friar, or a missionary would have been made. What becomes of it now? where does it run to waste!—does it sit alone, and mope and eat away its own great heart in vain aspirations after something great! It is all very well to scout it, and say that when ill-directed it is bad; but surely when it is good, it is not bad; it is the stuff of which horses are made, and if not allowed to find a vent, it will certainly do itself and its neighbours a mischief.

To all this it may be said, that, after all, the French have not done much. Now whether this be true or no, and we do not know enough about the matter to be judges, it is certain that they have done one thing—they have done their best. They have poured out their blood and treasure freely, while we have been sitting with our hands across. But we are tired of creaking, and will say no more just now. Let us hope that better things are coming, when there may be many missionaries' colleges and missionaries too in the English Church. Bishops have lately left us for very distant lands, and we shall watch their progress with the greatest interest, because they are in some sense an experiment. We believe that the Bishop of New Zealand is the first strictly missionary bishop sent out from England for many hundred years.

## VARIETIES.

**An Ancient Looking-glass.**—I can never forget my perplexity and astonishment the first time I saw a specchio in the hall of the Archeological Society. I saw a number of the members gathered in consultation round a thing which I took for an ancient sacrificial instrument: I thought it was a frying-pan. It was small and shallow; but it had a rim remaining, and a handle, and seemed very fit for the purpose, only somewhat corroded with rust, and worn down by time. I saw the wonder it excited; and I had no doubt that it was a treasure most curious and rare. I thought, perhaps, it had been used in the funeral feasts; and it might have fried either fish or eggs, or any other sort of thing represented in the tombs. It was presented to me, in my turn, for inspection, and I timidly asked its name. One of the gentlemen said, A "specchio," and smiled. "A specchio," I repeated, and considered within myself—a *specchio* is the Italian for a looking-glass; but, perhaps, it may also be the learned name for some of those mystical instruments, of which the use is not known. It was certainly not a glass. No one could see themselves in that thick unpolished metal; the convex side would make a distorted face; and the concave, the surface of which was but slightly hollowed, and a figure scratched upon it. I looked again to see if it was a costume; but it was a genius winged and naked—not, therefore, as it appeared to me, a model for female fashions. I asked the professor what it was. He opened his eyes, and answered—"A specchio!" There was evidently no one there who could conceive the existence of a being so ignorant as not to know the whole history, date, and use of a specchio; so I was silent. One person said to me, "How would you like such a looking-glass?" and, believing his speech to be a joke, I laughed. Another good humouredly observed, "You will see it on the vases." For a whole week I was engaged in finding out the meaning of a specchio, and peeped in every shop window in Rome to see if I could find it on a vase. I did fortunately see it on many vases; and, in due time, arrived at the knowledge I desired. After puzzling out my lesson I could not help thinking what a pity that you learned men, who give public lectures, should not have amongst you one poor ignorant being; who having felt, like me, the difficulty of groping her way back to the days of the flood; and the origin

of nations, could have had compassion upon another in distress, and have said—"A specchio means a looking-glass, and this is one. You will find that all the ancient nations used them of this form, and of brass, or of bronze, till about two centuries before the Christian era, when they were made of polished steel, which custom continued until superseded by glass. A very fine one of steel, purchased by Capranesi, was lately dug up at Avignon, of the time of the empire; and glass was known and used along with steel at the time of the destruction of Pompeii, as you may see in the toilet cabinet of the Naples museum. This bronze, though it looks to you so dull and dingy, was once very finely polished, and specimens are occasionally found on which the polish still remains." *Specchii* of brass or bronze (for the words mean the same thing) are mentioned in the book of Job, at a time probably 184 years prior to Abraham. We know, therefore, that they are of the very highest antiquity, and most probably were invented by Tubal Cain, and used by the ladies in Noah's ark. They are chiefly, if not wholly, now found in the graves of Etruria, and the number known is about five hundred." Had any lady taken this compassion upon me, I should have thanked her more than I did that day either the wit or the charity of the learned men. By the time Campanari brought these *specchii* to Rome, I was wise enough to have stared myself at a question about them, and to have answered, that "a specchio meant a specchio." I never heard what became of them, but they are among the very finest that have ever been found, and must have belonged to some eminently rich person.—*Mrs. Gray's Tour to Etruria.*

**Profligacy of English Gentlemen abroad.**—I met five Englishmen at the public table at our inn at Milan, who gave me great matter for cogitation. One was a clergyman, and just returned from Egypt; the rest were young men, i. e. between twenty-five and thirty, and apparently of no profession. I may safely say, that since I was an under-graduate, I never heard any conversation so profligate as that which they all indulged in, the clergyman particularly; indeed, it was not merely gross, but avowed principles of wickedness, such as I do not remember ever to have heard in Oxford. But what struck me most was, that with this sensuality there was united some intellectual activity—they were not ignorant, but seemed bent on gaining a great variety of solid information from their travels. Now this union of vice and intellectual power and knowledge seems to me rather a sign of the age; and if it goes on, it threatens to produce one of the most fearful forms of Antichrist which has yet appeared. I am sure that the great prevalence of travelling fosters this spirit: not that men learn mischief from the French or Italians, but because they are removed from the check of public opinion, and are, in fact, self-constituted outlaws, neither belonging to the society which they have left, nor taking a place in that of the countries where they are travelling.—*Dr. Arnold.*

**Two Flails and a Cuckoo.**—An old farmer in Hampshire, who was very rich, and whose silly neighbours were persuing him to have his daughter taught music, said, "Nai talk of muzic indeed; gi me two flails and a cuckoo." I dare say that this saying was as old as the English language. The two flails make a very pretty sound at all times. The voice of the har-binger of summer is also delightful; but, here was the idea of wealth most aptly associated with that of pleasant sounds. The cuckoo never comes until old May-day; and two flails going in the same barn at that time of the year indicates that there is a good store of grain in the barn at that distance from the preceding harvest, and that, therefore, the farmer is rich.—*William Cobbett.*

**A Fable.**—A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together; by chance the mule's pack happened to get wetted, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water; but his load became heavier, and he broke down under it.

Youth is the season for silence and observation, while it is for old age to be communicative. In youth, the eyes and ears have acute perception; but in after years, when the eyes grow dim, and the ears become deaf, the tongue should be employed to convey to others the accumulated knowledge of life.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Men are never so ridiculous by reason of the qualities they do possess, as for those they affect to have.



